

**BEAUMONT B. BUCK'S CRIME.****THE SHOOTING AFFRAY AT THE HIGH-  
LAND FALLS ACADEMY.**Dector of His Fellow Students which the  
Young Texans Resented with a Deadly  
Weapon—Thompson in a Critical Condition.

When Beaumont B. Buck of Dallas, Texas, was introduced to the students of Col. Caleb H. Faust's just opened and last evening, they said a dozen words, bright-faced, light-haired boys, 20 years old, with high chins, thin lips, thin nostrils, and a quick, trim tread. They were inclined to like him. He wore a Prince Albert, a coat of black diagonal stuff, and trousers of the same material. There was nothing especially laudable about the cut, though the garments fitted him loosely. The hem of his black felt hat was only a trifle wider than is customary worn in the North, but his boots were box-toed. The students say that his garb was not especially noticeable, and that in any event they would not have permitted themselves to be prejudiced against a fellow student on account of his clothes. When Buck, on a formal introduction, was greeted by Student E. C. Mayhew of Jamesburg, N. J., he said:

"Come, now, what are you giving me? I've met you before. You can't come it over me."

This was said in such a way as to affect Mayhew disagreeably. He assured Buck that he had just returned from a trip up the river, and that he had never met him before, so that he could not know who he was.

Soon afterward he led Buck carry his trunk to his room. The trunk was small, and Mayhew looked good-naturedly that he supposed in the State of Texas such a trunk would not hold a man's weapons.

"Oh! that only holds my ammunition," retorted the Texan.

This was followed by other friendly conversation. Student Joseph L. Murphy is a frank, broad-faced, friendly boy. In the course of the evening, by way of making himself better acquainted with the new comers, he said:

"Well, I suppose you're a regular model Texan? Do you carry a pistol in your boot, like most of them in your state?"

Buck's father was until lately principal of a school at Dallas, which, under a former teacher, was called "The Dalmatian." Buck, however, was a teacher. He had also learned to set type, and at one time was foreman of the Dalmatian. He is a quiet, unobtrusive boy, and easily consolidated with the likes of Hurley and Faust.

The shooting was unprovoked and cowardly in every sense. My son did nothing to invite it. He is sleeping and quiet, but his condition is very critical. Yet we hope for the best."

LOVED AND HELPED TO CARRY HIM UP STAIRS TO HIS BED, AND HELPED TO CARRY HIM UP STAIRS TO HIS ROOM. AS THEY CARRIED HIM UP THE STAIRS HE SAID A WORD OF AN ACQUAINTANCE.

He said, "I saw the boy Howard, who shot me," he said, "and I saw the gun which the bullet entered, and below and about four inches to the right of my head." Soon afterward he discovered that the bullet had passed through his skull, but had not gone out behind the left ear, but had been caught by his clothing. The large bullet, said to be .44 calibre, was found in the pocket of his coat. It was not known, however, whether it was fired at him or not.

On the point where it emerged, so that it was perfectly smooth when it passed through the more delicate parts of the brain. When it struck the bone, it was still straight, but it became crooked at the point where it emerged, so that it was not possible to probe the bullet, but the wound is very serious. A man is watching him, and is watching the case, but they declare that little else is done.

Hurley was still a few seconds after the firing. Then he turned and walked away, holding his hand in his pocket, where he had dropped the revolver. Keeping his face turned toward the door, he said, "I am going to get out of here." When he had got clear of the south plaza he ran quickly up to the village. He was soon joined by Mr. Faust, Mr. Buck, and Mr. Hurley. He delivered himself up to Justice of the Peace Avery, who, on complaint of Mr. Huse, committed him to the custody of Sheriff Thompson, and sent him away, to await the action of the Grand Jury of Orange County. The court will sit the fourth week of June.

By advice of his counsel, M. H. Hirschberg of Newburgh, Buck refused to talk about his case, and that he had never met him before, so that he could not know who he was.

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**LOVE AND JUSTICE.**

Miss Biye, in a Felice Court, Desires Her Feelings Toward Two Persons.

Col. Henry J. Biye and Joseph Francis Brian, who had a personal encounter at Third avenue and Fourteenth street on Friday morning, were, according to a promise made upon their arrangement, before Justice Duffy, again present at the Yorkville Police Court yesterday.

Col. Biye's daughter, Miss Helen, an actress 18 years of age, who had been the subject of the gentlemen's difference, was also present. Col. Biye is 50 years of age. Mr. Brian is a young man, an actor, and a singer for the hand of Miss Biye. The only girl in the family to appear in the course. She is a beauty with pleasing features. She was richly dressed.

Justice Duffy had all the parties in his private room, and took paper from the desk, and gave permission, which was contrary to the usage of the students.

During the audience Student John G. Thompson, Jr., of Columbus, O., a son of the Superintendent of Schools, went to Buck's room in company with Mayhew and others, and asked him why he was so forward in his talk and took paper from the desk, and gave permission, which was contrary to the usage of the students.

"I'm no bluffer," said Thompson, "and I want you to take that back."

"I don't know as you're known as you are a bluffer?"

On that day Student Dewitt found a small rope, and it was agreed that Student Thomas A. Faust, who had a personal encounter with Buck, should tie one end of the rope after it had been let down from Mayhew's window, which was draped with curtains, and that then Mayhew and others, and Buck, and Brian and thus make Buck's bedclothes suddenly and mysteriously disappear from his bed and his room. Mr. Faust, however, told Buck, "I will tie up the rope." Buck was waiting on the couch to awaken them, Col. Biye, bearing a noise, entered the room, found the rope and put a stop to the proceeding.

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J. F. BRIEY.

Justice Duffy disregarded the note. He asked if there was no way in which the note could be settled. Miss Biye rose and, in a deliberate voice, said:

"It is not necessary. I have left that man (pointing to her father) forever."

Col. Biye was overcome by his emotions, and retreating from the room, lay prostrate on the floor.

"You can't understand this man. He is a father, or a married man, you might."

Mr. Brian had a misery with that man (pointing to her father) forever."

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